loue cooles, friendſhip fals off, brothers diuide, in Cities mutinies, in Countries diſcords, Pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father; finde out this villaine, *Edmund* it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully; and the noble and true hearted *Kent* baniſht, his offence honeſt; ſtrange, ſtrange!

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in Fortune, often the ſurfet of our owne behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the ſtars, as if we were villaines by neceſſity, fooles by heauenly compulſion, knaues, theeues, and trecherers by ſpirituall predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforc'ſt obedience of planitary influence, and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on, an admirable euaſion of whore-maſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition to the charge of ſtars; my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, & my natiuity was vnder *Vrſa maior*, ſo that it followes I am rough & lecherous; Fut, I ſhould haue beene that I am, had the maidenleſt ſtarre of the Firmament twinckled on my baſtardy; *Edgar*,

Enter Edgar.

& out he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a ſigh like them of *Bedlam*; O theſe Eccliplſes do portend theſe diuiſions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eccliplſes.

Edg. Doe you buſie your ſelfe about that?

Baſt. I promiſe you the effects he writ of, ſucceed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalneſſe betweene the childe and the parent, death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient armies, diuiſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt King and Nobles, needleſſe diffidences, baniſhment of friends, diſſipation of Cohorts, nuptiall breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you bin a ſectary Aſtronomicall?

Baſt. Come, come, when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why the night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Two

Edg. Two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good te
in him by word or countenanc

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethinke your ſelfe
him, and at my entreaty, forb
time hath qualified the heate
inſtant ſo rageth in him, that
it would ſcarſe allay.

Edg. Some villaine hath do

Baſt. That's my feare broth
arm'd, I am no honeſt man i
wards you, I haue told you w
ly, nothing like the image an

Edg. Shall I heare from you

Baſt. I do ſerue you in this b
A credulous Father, and a bro
Whoſe nature is ſo farre fro
That he ſuſpects none, on wh
My practiſes ride eaſie, I ſee
Let me if not by birth, haue l
All with me's meete, that I c

Enter Gonorill a

Gon. Did my Father ſtrik
foole?

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and night he
Euery houre he flaſhes into
That ſets vs all at ods, Ile n
His knights grow riotous, a
On euery trifle when he ret
I will not ſpeake with him,
If you come ſlacke of form
You ſhall do well, the fault

Gent. Hee's comming Ma

Gon. Put on what weary
fellow-ſeruants, Ide haue i

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34